

A Jolly Company

OF
Joviall Blades

Who laugh and are as merry as the Maids;

They sing and roare and freely spend their Chink,
And to each other in full Bowls they drink
They scorn such puny pinch-guts as are saving,
They think good Sack is only worth the having,
And being fully bent to spend their store,
They drink their Liquor off and call for more;
Thus while they freely tope off Sack by quarts,
They drive away all sorrows from their hearts.
To the Tune of General Monk hath advanc'd himself
since he came from the Tower.



I was of late my happy fate,
to meet with a jolly crew.
Of merry Blades and lively Lads;
who drank till the sky look'd blew:
Being void of care, no money they spare,
but all with free consent
Drank wine good store, and then call'd for
so merrily they were bent. (more)

Hang sorrow quoth one, why should we
so long as our money both last (make moan
Away with this sadness, tis folly and mad-
to think upon what is past, (noise)
Let's drink and house and bachelers carouse
and lest that the time should seem long,
Give ear unto mee, my task it shall be,
to sing you a gallant new song.

Be merry my hearts and call for your
and let no liquor be lacking (quarts)
We have money good store and intend for
untill we have set all a packing, (to roze)
Come Dwaiver make haste let not the time
let every man have his due, (waite)
For to save shoes and trouble,
Bring in a quart double,
for he that made one, made two,
(you think,
Come take off your drink, and speak what
strong liquor will make you speak truly
For certainly we, no drunkards can bee,
so long as we are not unruly;
When drink and be civil, intending no evil
and be not offended with me,
For what I had before, I'll have one quart
for he that made two, made three, (more)

The Second Part, to the same Tune.



The greedy Carthagin sits all the day grudging,
at home with his bread and small beer, (sing)
For to hold up base pelt, he starveth himself,
scarce eats a good meal through the year;
But wee' not do so, how e're the world goe,
so long as we have any store,
I think wee' not lack, go fill us more sack,
for he that made three, made four.

With you so sadly, since I call so madly,
I scorn to leave you in the lurch,
The reckoning I'll pay, ere I go away;
I'll hang mee as high as the Church,
Yet some men will say that is not the way,
hee must pitch that intends for to thye,
It is no matter for that, let's laugh and be fat,
for he that made four, made five.

Such love I intend, to my dearest Friend,
that I cannot tell how to express it,
When with them I meet their company's so sweet
What I would not willingly miss it.
I scorn such a slave as his money will take,
or any that use such base tricks,
Come on my blades be as merry as, the
for he that made five, made six. (sings)

Now whilst I am here, I'll call for my Beer,
and truly my money I'll spend,
Let no man take care, for paying his share,
I need bee, I'll pay for my friend,
Black up a good heart let sorrow depart,
with the Drawer I will make eaven,
As with merry content, our time shall be spent;
for he that made six, made seven,

Drink off your cups round let sorrow bee drowned,
in this same full cup off good merrery,
I cannot endure, to sit thus demure,
for hither we came to be merry,
When bee of good cheer, the reck'ning I'll clear,
make with the Drawer make freight,
for now I'll let a madding I needs must be ad,
and he that made seven, made eight. (sing)

Yet at home I confess, with my honest Belle,
I practise good husbandry well,
To maintain my calling and keep mee from falling
as all my neighbours can tell,
They plead mee at large, for maintaining my
though sometimes to drink I incline, (charge
yet I scorn for to drink, go fill us more drink,
for he that made eight, made nine.

Here's a health to my friend, that hath a long pen
in praise of god I square that's old,
Drink off your cups round whilst I speak doth
in hope it will keep you from cold, (sings)
And now to conclude my verses to rade,
you are all welcome Gentlemen:
When ere we depart I'll give you a quart;
for he that made nine, made ten.

After being said the reckoning they paid,
and in friendly manner departed,
There's none of them had any cause to be sad,
but all went away merry hearted,
And when they do meet again in the street,
then unto the Tavern they'll hie:
And there they intend, their money to spend,
which no body can deny. FINIS.